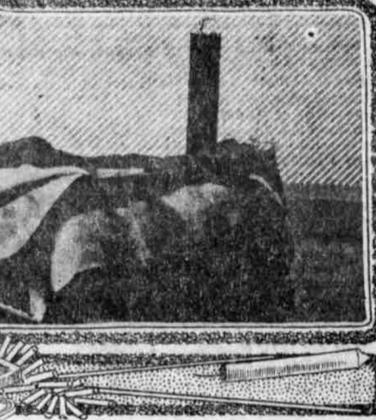




The Fourth of July GIRL By ROBERTUS LOVE

A TRUCE to praise of patriot boys, With all their Independence noise! Now is the time to celebrate The American maiden up to date.



Phrastus and the Fourth of July.

By FRANK H. SWEET. (Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.)

"N" SHE says I shan't spend one cent for crackers nor torpedoes, nor go down to see the parade, nor any of the boys. She says I've got to stay home and keep still this Fourth.

"Just exactly." "I bet I'd never pay them old British \$200 for a sheep," said Phrastus. "What do you know about the British, Bob?" asked one of the men.

King George XII, arriving unexpectedly from the rear, had disposed of the American commodore and now turned his attention to the stars and stripes, which he jammed into the bank with repeated blows of his woolly hand.

KIDNEY, LIVER AND BOWELS Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

J. A. Stengel Optician MARION, OHIO. 130 SOUTH STATE STREET.

THE BEDROOM We spend a good deal of our time in our bedrooms. Do we spend what we ought in the furnishing of the room?

WEST END FURNITURE STORE. Bowman & Schoenberger.

NOTICE We Close All Day JULY 4th - THE - Marion Milling & Grain Co. B Pride Mills

The Martyrdom of Nathan Hale.

By WALTON WILLIAMS. (Copyright, 1907, by C. N. Lurie.)

BY this time everybody has agreed upon Nathan Hale as the one supreme representative of American Revolutionary martyrdom. The last words of the young soldier just before the British hanged him as a spy have become a part of our most sacred national inheritance.

country in this city of New York, Sept. 22, 1776. Erected by the Sons of the Revolution.

This statue faces Broadway at one of the busiest points on that great thoroughfare. Millions of people pass by every year and see the pathetic figure of the young Revolutionary soldier, his arms pinioned for execution, standing there in imperishable bronze, an inspiration to all who love their country.



STATUE OF NATHAN HALE, CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.

Within fifteen years two splendid statues and several other memorials have been raised to the memory of Nathan Hale, a notable play depicting his life and death has been written and widely produced, scores of magazine articles on the subject have been published, and several complete and detailed biographies have come from the press.

less a fairly satisfactory narrative of Hale's martyrdom. It is known that he served with the body of patriot soldiers called Knowlton's rangers on Long Island and Manhattan Island. After Washington's defeat at the battle of Long Island and his retreat across the East river to the northern part of Manhattan Island Lord Howe took possession of New York city and strongly entrenched himself.

Hale left the American army camp above Harlem heights and proceeded to Norwalk, Conn., where he disguised himself as a schoolmaster. Then he passed into the British lines and spent two weeks studying the fortifications and the general disposition of forces, making drawings and jotting down valuable data in Latin. The drawings and other data he concealed between the soles of his shoes. He visited the enemy's forces both on Long Island and Manhattan Island, in the city of New York.

At last he was ready to return to his own army and lay his information before the commander in chief. At Huntington, N. Y., he was to embark in a small boat. It appears that through error he took passage in a boat from a British vessel, believing it to be the darkness of the night to be the one which his friends were to send for him.

At any rate, he was captured there that night, Sept. 21, and was taken over to Lord Howe's headquarters, the Needham mansion, which was located about where Forty-first street and First avenue intersect in the present city of New York. His papers were discovered. Lord Howe, after a brief parley, during which Hale freely admitted that he was a captain in Washington's army and had entered the lines to get information, ordered his provost marshal, one Cunningham, to take the prisoner in custody for the night and hang him at daybreak next morning.

"It's awful good of you!" Phrastus' cheeks grew shining red. "There shan't nobody hurt 'em 'cept me. I'll take 'em down to the woods. 'N', say, I'll hunt your dog every time he gets lost—don't you give any other fellow the job. What they got in that wagon?"

"Two hundred dollars for a sheep!" Phrastus hopped over the fence and trotted along by his friend's side. "What a pile of money for one sheep? Say, Harvey, 'd you jest as I'd put in a box of matches 'n' a fl' cent flag 'stead of two o' 'em bunches?"



FOR SOME TIME KING GEORGE BUTTED THE TREE.

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